

THE MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY

By Harold MacGrath

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"The Million Dollar Mystery" will run for twenty-two consecutive weeks in this paper. By an arrangement with the Thanhouse Film Company it has been made possible not only to read the story in this paper but also to see it each week in the various moving picture theatres. For the solution of this mystery story \$10,000 will be given.

Conditions Governing the Contest
The prize of \$10,000 will be won by the man, woman or child who writes the most acceptable solution of the mystery, from which the last two reels of the motion picture drama will be made and the last two chapters of the story written by Harold MacGrath.

Solutions may be sent to the Thanhouse Film Corporation, either at Chicago or New York, any time up to midnight, Dec. 14. They must bear postoffice marks not later than that date. This allows four weeks after the first appearance of the last film reels and three weeks after the last chapter is published in the paper in which to submit the solutions.

A board of three judges will determine which of the many solutions received is the most acceptable. The judgment of this board will be absolute and final. Nothing of a literary nature will be considered in the decision, nor given any preference in the selection of the winner of the \$10,000 prize. The last two reels, which will give the most acceptable solution to the mystery, will be presented in the theatres having this feature as soon as it is possible to produce the same. The story corresponding to these motion pictures will appear in the newspapers coincidentally, or as soon after the appearance of the pictures as practicable. With the last two reels will be shown the picture of the winner, his or her home, and other interesting features. It is understood that the newspapers, so far as practicable, in printing the chapters of the story by Harold MacGrath, will also show a picture of the successful contestant.

Solutions to the mystery must not be more than 100 words long. Here are some questions to be kept in mind in connection with the mystery as an aid to a solution:

No. 1—What becomes of the millionaire?
No. 2—What becomes of the \$1,000,000?
No. 3—Whom does Florence marry?
No. 4—What does become of the Russian countess?

Nobody connected either directly or indirectly with "The Million Dollar Mystery" will be considered as a contestant.

Synopsis of Previous Chapters
Stanley Hargrave, millionaire, after a miraculous escape from the den of the gang of brilliant thieves known as the Black Hundred, lives the life of a recluse for eighteen years. Hargrave one night enters a Broadway restaurant and there comes face to face with the gang's leader, Braine.

After the meeting, during which neither man apparently recognizes the other, Hargrave hurries to his magnificent Riverside home and lays plans for making his escape from the country. He writes a letter to the girl's school in New Jersey where 18 years before he had mysteriously left on the doorstep his baby daughter, Florence Gray. He also pays a visit to his house at Forest Hill.

His old neighbors of his home at Forest Hill, Hargrave's home at night, but as they enter the house the watch outside see a balloon leave the roof. The man is found empty—the million which Hargrave was known to have drawn that day was gone. Then some one announced the balloon had been punctured and dropped into the sea.

Florence arrives from the girls' school, Princess Olga, Braine's companion, visits her and claims to be a relative. Two agents detective call, but their plot is foiled by Norton, a newspaper man.

By bribing the captain of the Orient, Norton lays a trap for Braine and his gang. Princess Olga also visits the Orient's captain and like daily falls into the reporter's snare. The plan is to observe through Braine's good luck and only breathe fall into the hands of the police.

Later, Florence is lured from home by a man, but succeeds in fleeing before their clutches. The next day Jones receives a box from his kidnappers, which contains a letter from a man, who claims to be a relative. Two agents detective call, but their plot is foiled by Norton, a newspaper man.

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returned to his accustomed haunts upon his life. In his present state of mind he would have welcomed it.

"What is the matter with Jim?" asked the night city editor, raising his eye shade.

"I don't know," answered the copy reader.

"Goes around as if he'd been eating dope; bumped into the boss a while ago and never stopped to apologize."

"Perhaps he's mapping out the front page for that Hargrave stuff," laughed the copy reader. "Between you and me and the gate post, I don't believe there ever was a man by the name of Hargrave."

"O, there was a chap by that name, all right. He's dead. A man can't swim 300 miles in rough water, life buoy or no. They ought to have funeral services and let it go at that."

"But what was the reason for that fake cable from Gibraltar saying that Oris was alive? I don't see any sense in that."

"The man who pulled it off did. I think, for my part, that both Oris and Hargrave are dead, and that the man picked up by the tramp steamer Orient was riding some other balloon."

"You're wrong there. The description of it proved that it was Oris's machine. O, Jim, probably has got a man's size yarn up his sleeve, but he's a long time in delivering the goods. Haven't held down this copy job for twelve years without being able to make some tolerable guesses. Jim's a star man. When he gets started nothing can stop him. He covered the Chinese Boxer rebellion better than any other correspondent there. I wonder how old he is?"

"O, I should say about thirty-one or two. Here he comes now. 'Lo, Jim!'"

"Hello! Where's Ford? He gave me a ticket to the theatre tonight, and I want to punch his head. What's drama coming to, anyway? Cigarettes and booze and misnamed couples. Can't they find good enough things out of doors? O, I know. They cater to a lot of fools who believe that what they see is an expression of high life in New York and London. Huh-huh-huh. 'I'll shr bgtway rootatm And it's rot, plain rot. It's merely the scum on the boiling pot. And any old housewife would skim it off and chuck it into the slops. Life? Piffle!"

"What's the grinch?"

"Looking for the dramatic job?"

"No. I've just been wondering how far these theatrical managers can go without alighting the golden goose."

Norton sought his desk and began rummaging among the drawers. He was not hunting for anything; he was merely passing away the time. By and by, when the pastime no longer served, he pulled his chair over to the window and sat down, staring at stars.

Such as Copernicus never dreamed of ships going down to sea—terrible swooping diagonally—hither and thither, the clockwork signs; but he took no note of these marvels of light.

"Not at home!" he muttered.

He had called, written, telephoned. No use. The door remained shut, answered the telephone, and the letters came back. He began to think very deeply concerning the Perigoff woman. Had she played a trick? Had that fainting spell been a ruse to enable her to escape as well as Florence?

But he had not a shadow of a proof. The thing that puzzled him equally with this was that all attempts against his life had miraculously ceased; no safety thundered down in front of him, and no autos tried to carve him in two. The only thing that kept him active was the daily call of Jones by wire. Miss Florence was well; that was all Jones was permitted to say.

Restlessly Norton turned his chair and walked over to the telephone booth. It was midnight. He might or might not be able to get Jones. But almost instantly a voice said, "What is it?"

"Jones."

"Yes. Who is it?"

"Norton."

"Why you called up not ten minutes ago?"

"Not I."

"It was your voice as plain as day."

"What did I want? Keen all at once."

The reply did not come immediately. "Norton, I'll call the editor."

He will prove to you that this is the best call I've made. Some one has been imposing on you. What did they ask you to do?"

"You asked me to come down to the office at once, and I requested you to come to the house, and you said you could not. I declined it all."

"What do you think?"

"Exactly what you're thinking—that they have come to life again."

"Jones, Miss Florence awake?"

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"What do you think?"

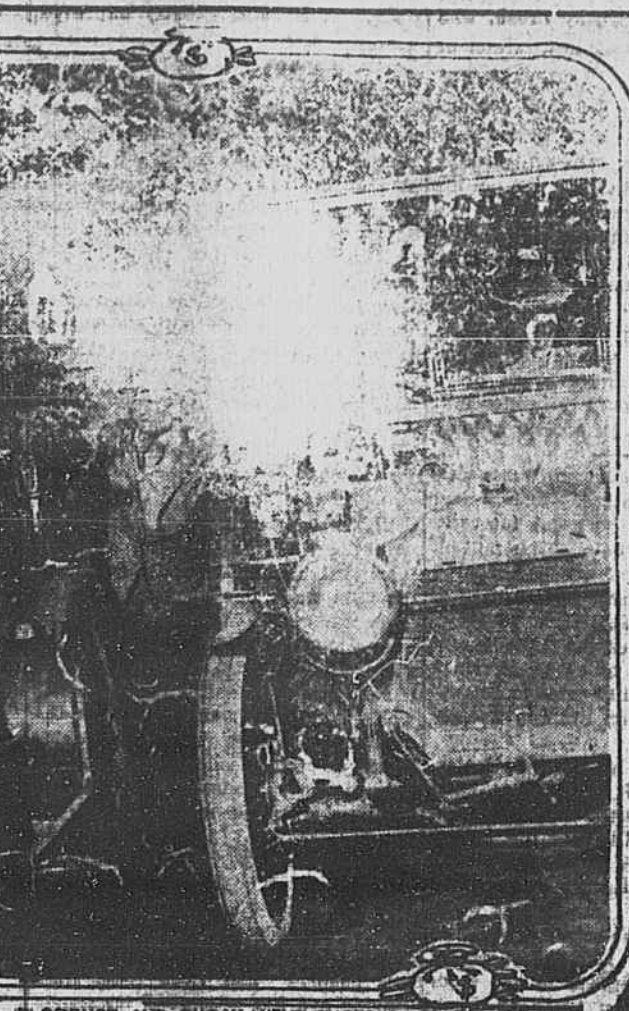
"Exactly what you're thinking—that they have come to life again."

"Jones, Miss Florence awake?"

"No."

"Do you think there is any hope of having her undrugged? As really as I am here only to guard her. I cannot undertake to read her thoughts."

"You're not quite in favor of a reconciliation?"



FLORENCE AND SUSAN WENT SHOPPING

the window sill, he stared and stared and dreamed and dreamed till a hand fell upon his shoulder. It belonged to one of the office boys.

"Note it, you, sir."

Norton read it and tore it into little pieces. Then he rose and disappeared the pieces in the several yellowing waste baskets which strewn the aisle leading to the city desk.

"I'm not wanted for anything," he asked.

"No. Clear out!" laughed the night city editor. "Oh, right of you. Is putting everybody in the gloom ward."

Norton went down to the street. At the left of the entrance he was quietly joined by a man whose arm was carried in a sling. He motioned Norton to get into the taxicab. They were dropped in a deserted spot in Riverside. On foot they went for ward to their destination, which proved to be the deserted bungalow of the aviator William Oris.

"I want you to tell Jones that a tug and several divers are at work on the spot where he threw the chest. That's all. Now, doctor, rewind this arm of mine."

The amateur surgeon made a very good job of it; not for nothing had he followed gunging armies to the front.

"Did they find anything?"

"Not up to date. But we might if we cared to. They had left a buoy over the spot they're exploring. But just now it floats a quarter of a mile to the east of the spot."

"Who were the men in the motor boat that chased Jones?"

"Only Jones can tell you. Queer. A bit stubborn. He wants to handle it without police assistance."

"And he's right. We are not aiming to arrest any one," answered Norton. "There can't be any drawn to this game. Here, no smoking. Too much gas about."

Norton put the cigarette back into his pocket. "What's the real news?" he demanded. "You would not bring me out here just to rebuke me. That arm, I really did not need it. Come out with it."

"You're sharp."

"I've found where the Black Hundred holds its sessions."

"By George, that is news!"

"The room above is vacant. A little hole in the ceiling, and who knows what might happen?"

"What do you want me to do?"

"Tell Jones. When the next meeting comes around, I'll advise you. I've stumbled upon a disappointed member. So, back up, as they say. We've got two ends of the net down, and with a little care we'll have them all. Now, let me have a hundred."

Norton drew out a pocket of bills and counted off five hundred.

"Why don't you draw the cash yourself?"

"It happens to be in your name, sir."

Always ready to serve us, for the mere love of it."

"There's no need of using that kind of talk to me. You have me in the hollow of your hand. Why should I bother to deny it? I have broken the law. I broke it because I was starving."

"It is better to starve in freedom than to eat fat joints up the river. Today it is a question of sanity."

"And you want me to assist in signing away the liberty of some person who is perfectly sane?"

"The nail on the head," urbanely. "You're a fine scoundrel."

"Not so loud!" warningly. "As loud as I please. I am not forgetful that you need me. I'm no coward. I recognize that you hold the whip hand. But you can send me to the chair before I'll crawl to you. Now, leave me alone for a while."

The other physicians had no such qualms of conscience. He was ready at all times for the generous epiphanies which accrued from his dealings with the man Braine.

The Countess Perigoff was indignant; so it was quite in the order of things that she should summon physicians.

There is a law in the state of New York—just or unjust, whichever you please—that reads that any person may be adjudged insane if the signatures of two registered physicians are affixed to the document. It does not say that these physicians shall have been proved reputable.

There were, besides the physicians, a motherly looking woman and a man of benign countenance. Their faces were valuable assets. To gain another person's confidence is, perhaps, among the greatest human achievements. A confident man and woman in the real sense of the word. In your mind's eye you could see this man carrying the contribution plate down the aisle on Sunday mornings, and his wife Kate putting her mite on the

I can't have the crowd growing any larger," said the policeman, convinced.

So, despite her cries and protestations, Florence was hustled into the automobile, even the policeman leaning a hand.

"Poor young thing!" he said to the crowd. "Come, now, move on. I can't have the walk blocked up. Get a gait on you."

He was congratulating himself upon the orderliness of the affair when a keen eyed young man in the garb of a chauffeur touched his shoulder.

"What's this I hear about an insane young woman?" he demanded.

"She was insane, all right. They had papers," prove it. She kept crying that she was Stanley Hargrave's daughter!"

"My God!" the young man struck his forehead in despair. "You ask me she was Stanley Hargrave's daughter, and they've kidnapped her right under your nose! What was the number of that car?"

"Cut out that line of talk, young fellow. I know my business. They had the proper documents."

"But you hadn't brains enough to inquire whether they were genuine or not. You wait!" shrilled the chauffeur. "I'll have you broken for this work."

He wheeled and ran back to his car, to find Susan and the countess in a great state of agitation.

"They got her, they got her! Add, swore on the book that they never should, so long as I drove the car!" Susan wept, and the countess tried in vain to console her.

And when Jones was informed he frightened even the countess with the snarl of rage which burned across his lips. He tore into the hall, seized his hat, and was gone. Not a word of reproach did he offer to the chauffeur. He understood that no one is infallible. He found the blundering policeman, who now understood that he stood in for a while of the commission's carpet. All he could do was to give a good description of the man and woman. Word was sent broadcast through the city. The police had to be informed this time.

Late in the day an officer, whose beat included the ferry landing at Holoken said he had seen the three. Everything had looked all right to him. It was the motherly face of the one and the benign countenance of the other that had blinded him.

At midnight Jones, haggard and with the air of one beaten, returned home.

"No wireless yet?" asked Norton.

"The George Washington of the North German Lloyd does not answer. Something has happened to the wires; tampered with, possibly."

"So long as we know they are all right, we can't help it. The wires will not be able to stand at a single port. I have sent ten cables. They can't get away from the wire. It could only get hold of the names of those damnable doctors who signed that document! Twenty years!"

Jones bent his head in his hands and Norton tramped the floor till the sound of his footsteps threatened to drive the moaning Susan into hysterics.

"It is only a matter of a few days."

"But can the child stand the terror?" questioned Jones. "Who knows that they may not really drive her insane?"

On board the George Washington, every one felt extremely sorry for this beautiful girl. She was a faithful attendant to the so attraction of her age.

"She is certainly insane," said one of the passengers, who had known Hargrave slightly though some banking business. "Hargrave wasn't married. He lived alone."

After the second day out Florence was permitted to wander about the ship as she pleased.

A good many of the passengers were mightily worried when they learned that the wireless had in some mysterious way been tampered with after the boat had made the open sea. It was impossible to put about. The atmosphere must be fixed at sea.

And when finally Norton's wireless caught the wires of the George Washington he was gravely informed that the young lady referred to had been the girl of the Banks of Niger and had been drowned. She had not been missed till the following morning.

(To be continued)

Got a lot to do tomorrow and need sleep."

Norton stole away with great caution. His first intention was to proceed straight to the city, but despite his resolution he found himself, without a quarter of an hour, gazing up at the windows of the Hargrave house.

"Not at home!"

Quite unconscious of the fact, he was as close to death as any mortal man might care to be. The policeman, suddenly looking up under the arm lamp, proved to be his under.

He threw his arms around her. And so on, and so forth, half lies and half truths, till the patient Jones, felt like wringing her neck.

From his vantage point the butler smiled ironically. He could read the heart of this Perigoff woman as he could read a page of a book. The affront! And all the while he must gravely admit her and pretend when the blood roared in his veins at the sight of her. But he dared not aver even a single inch from the plans laid down. It was a cup of bitter gall, and there was no way to avoid the putting of it to his lips. She emanated poison as nightshade emanates it, the apple tree. And he must bow when she entered and bow when she left! Still, she had done him an indirect favor in breaking up this love business.

One afternoon Braine summoned his runabout and called upon two physicians. When he was ushered into the deserted office of the first he sent his card in. The doctor replied in person. His face was pale and his hands shook.

"Good afternoon," said Braine affably.

The doctor eyed him like a man hypnotized. "You... you wish to see me on some particular business?"

"Very particular," dry. "My car is outside. Will you be so good as to accompany me?"

The doctor slowly went into the hall for his hat and coat. He left the house and got into the car with never a word of protest.

"Talking," said Braine.

"I am always thinking whenever I see you will face. What devilment do you require of me this time?"

"Where are we going?"

To call on another physician of your standing, significantly. It is a great thing to have friends like you two.

In some manner or other Florence became separated from Susan. She hunted through aisle after aisle, but could not find her for the simple reason that Susan was hunting for her. It occurred to the girl that Susan might have wisely concluded the best place to wait would be in the taxicab. And so Florence hurried out into the street into the arms of the Wendt family, who were patiently awaiting her.

The trusted chauffeur had been sent around to the side entrance by the master dome. The young lady had so requested, so he said.

Florence struggled and called for the policeman, who came running up, followed by the usual idle, curious crowd.

"The poor young woman is insane," said the motherly Kate, tears in her eyes. The benign Thomas looked at heaven. "We are her keepers."

"It is not true!" cried Florence desperately.

"She has the hallucination that she is the daughter of the millionaire Stanley Hargrave," said Thomas excitedly, his document, which was perfectly legal, so far as appearances went, in his hand.

"Hurry up and get her out of the walk."

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